ALEXANDRI FESTUM,

11630. b. 4
6*

SIVE

VIS MUSICÆ,

ODE,

Quam numeris ſolutis cecinit, & St. CÆCILIÆ dicavit

JOHANNES DRYDEN

POETARUM PRINCEPS,

Et quam paululùm IMMUTAVIT, ſive EMENDAVIT

JOHANNES HUGHES

POETA LYRICUS, & CELEBERRIMUS,

LATINE REDDITA.

—— *Numeriſque fertur*
Lege ſolutis. Hor.

OXONII,
E TYPOGRAPHEO CLARENDONIANO,
Impenſis JACOBI FLETCHER Bibliopolæ.
Proſtant apud J. & J. RIVINGTON, *London.* MDCCLI.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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Prostant apud J. & J. RIVINGTON, Londin. MDCCLI.

PAR eſt, quiſquis hoc Carmen legit, ut, cum collationem cum Exemplari ſtrictè, ſagaciter, & ingènuè fecerit, Latinam Interpretationem ſeorſùm relegat. Nam fieri poteſt, nec, ut credo, rariſſimè accidit, (præſertìm cum tanta eſt de interpretationibus præjudicata Opinio & Supercilium) ut ex ſonis verbiſque ipſiſſimis Archetypi, quæ auribus iniquè obverſentur & animum præter fas devinciant, faſtidioſa quædam injuria fiat Interpretationi. Quiſquis autem legerit purgatis auribus, animo ſagaci, & ingenuo, cum tanta Nobis oritur ex imitatione, comparatione, & varietate Voluptas, Interpretationem omnem, ut de meâ taceam, non adeò aſpernabitur.

ALEXANDRI FESTUM,

SIVE

VIS MUSICÆ,

LATINE REDDITA.

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VIS MUSICÆ,

LATINE REDDITA.

I.

FESTA Dies ſolennis erat, poſt *Perſida* captam
Magnâ Prole *Philippi*;
Auguſtus amplis Victor honoribus
Fulgebat Heros, Diis ſimilis, Throno
Sublimis aureo; Magnanimi Duces
Conſedêre, Roſis & vincti tempora Myrto.

Juxtà *Thaïs* amabili
Riſit Juventæ flore ſuperbiens.
Par felix, Ter, & Ampliùs!
UNICUS ad meritos adſpirat Fortis amores.

II.

Excelſus altâ ſede *Timothëus*
Inter mellificos Artifices ſoni,

Vocalem

ALEXANDER's FEAST,

OR

The POWER of MUSICK.

I.

'TWAS at the Royal Feast, for *Persia* won
By *Philip's* warlike Son;
Aloft in awful State,
The Godlike Hero sat
On his Imperial Throne:
His valiant Peers were plac'd around;
Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound.

Lovely *Thais* by his *Side*,
Blooming sat in Beauty's Pride.
Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

II.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful Quire,

Vocalem properè Lyram
Impiger arte ciet volanti;
Dulce Melos brevitèr tremit, aſcenditque per Auras,
Inſpiratque animis miſcentia gaudia Cœlo.
Ab *Jove* Principium, Qui cœli Regna reliquit;
(Quid non ſuadet Amor potens?)
Ignea forma Deum celat mentita Draconem;
Arduus impediit radiantes Orbibus orbes
In Gremium pulchræ lapſus *Olympiadis*;
Circumfuſa ſuper recubantis pectora ſpiras
Implicuit, nivei vinctus Amore ſinûs,
Amplexu fit Imago *Jovis*, Rex maximus Orbi.
Aurita circùm Turba ſtupent Melos
Sublime, præſentem recinunt Deum,
Præſentemque Deum recinentia Marmora clamant.

Carminis imbibit
Rex ſtupefactâ
Aure ſonores;
Concipit alto
Pectore Numen,
Fulmina torquet
Et Nutu quatit Atria cœli.

Tum

With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre;
Trembling the Notes aſcend the Sky,
And Heav'nly Joys inſpire.
The Song began from *Jove*,
Who left his bliſsful Seats above;
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love!)
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God;
Sublime on radiant Spires he rode,
When he to fair *Olympia* preſs'd,
And while he ſought her ſnowy Breaſt;
Then round her ſlender Waſte he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an Image of himſelf, a Sov'reign of the World.
The liſt'ning Croud adore the lofty Sound,
A preſent Deity, they ſhout around;
A preſent Deity, the echoing Roofs rebound!

With raviſh'd Ears
The Monarch hears,
Aſſumes the God,
Affects the Nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the Spheres.

III.

Tum Fidicen melicus *Bacchi* celebrabat Honores.
Floret æternâ nitidus Juventâ
Bacchus; En Victor! Deus ecce Victor
Advenit! Coràm tulit Os honeſtum,
Gratiâ tingit lepidum decenti
Purpura Vultum.

Sic Tigres agitans *Indorum* equitabat in arvis,
Dum Comites exultantes Victoria, Vinum
Inſpirat, titubata ſolo Veſtigia ponunt
Evantes, hilarique Deum clamore ſalutant:
Sic reſonas lauras Muſâ plaudente docebant
Reſponſare Triumphis.

Bacchus Æternâ nitidus Juventâ
Invenit almi Gaudia poculi,
Invenit, & largis beavit
Muneribus, Opibuſque vitam.
Potando gaudet Gloria Militis,
Munus opimum!
Grata Voluptas!
Dulcis poſt Dura Voluptas!

Rex

III.

The Praiſe of *Bacchus* then the ſweet Muſician ſung,
Of *Bacchus* ever Fair, and ever Young:
Behold he comes, the Victor God!
Flush'd with a purple Grace,
He ſhews his honeſt Face;
As when, by Tigers drawn, o'er *India*'s Plains he rode,
While loud with Conqueſt and with Wine,
His jolly Troop around him reel'd along,
And taught the vocal Skies to join
In this applauding Song.

Bacchus ever gay and young,
Firſt did Drinking Joys ordain:
Bacchus' Bleſſings are a Treaſure;
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleaſure:
Rich the Treaſure,
Sweet the Pleaſure!
Sweet is Pleaſure after Pain!

V.

Fir'd

IV.

Rex Muſæ ſtimulis animi jactantior audit,
Ardeſcit, renovatque furens fera bella per Orbem,
Terque Hoſtes fudit, Ter cæſos vulnere cædit.
Vidit Magiſter ſurgere Turbinem,
Ferventeſque Genas, ignea Lumina;
Dumque animi impatiens Cœlo Terriſque minatur,
Lugubre Carmen flebilis eligit
Ut palpet tenero Dolore pectus,
Atque ità mutavit numeros, Rabiemque repreſſit.

En! Bonus fortiſque *Darius*, alto
Fulgens imperio Perſidis inclytæ,
Occidit! Fato nimiùm ſevero!
Vulnere indigno fluere, En! Cruorem!
Rex humi Magnus moritur volutans,
Nec Comes fidus levat, aut Amicus
Claudit ocellos!

V.

Lumine dejecto illætabilis ora ſedebat
Victor, revolvens Pectore quas Vices,

Fortuna

IV.

Fir'd with the Sound, the King grew vain;
Fought all his Battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thrice he ſlew the Slain.
The Maſter ſaw the Madneſs riſe,
His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes;
And while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
He choſe a mournful Muſe,
Soft Pity to infuſe;
Then thus he chang'd his Song, and check'd his Pride.

See *Darius* Great and Good,
By too ſevere a Fate,
Fallen from his high Eſtate;
Behold his flowing Blood!
On Earth th' expiring Monarch lies,
With not a Friend to cloſe his Eyes.

V.

With downcaſt Looks the joyleſs Victor ſat,
Revolving in his alter'd Soul

Fortuna quantas Insidias parat!
Mutatis animis Nunc huc, Nunc æstuat illuc,
Furtìm & cùm Gemitu Lacryma obortà fluit.
Subrisit Numeris potens Magister,
Callens Amorem jam vice proximâ
Succedere affinem Dolori,
Confimilique sono movere.
Lydis remiscet carmina Tibiis
Gaudio mulcens & Amore pectus.

Bella sunt tantùm Labor & Tumultus;
Est Honor flamen popularis auræ,
Inchoat longas sine fine Curas,
Usque decertat, malè vastat amens;
Ferre si non tot pigeat Labores,
Ne frui Donis pigeat paratis;
Assidet juxtà speciosa *Thaïs*,
Hoc Bono saltem fruere, & Deorum
Percipe Munus.

V.

Rex

The various Turns of Chance below;
And now and then, a Sigh he ſtole,
And Tears began to flow.
The mighty Maſter ſmil'd to ſee
That Love was in the next Degree:
'Twas but a Kindred-Sound to move;
For Pity melts the Mind to Love.
Softly ſweet in *Lydian* Meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his Soul to Pleaſures.

War is Toil and Trouble,
Honour is an airy Bubble,
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying,
If the World be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:
Lovely *Thais* ſits beſide thee,
Take the Good the Gods provide thee.

VI.

Rex gratum potis eſt malè diſſimulare Dolorem,
Splendida Virgo
Fixit ocellos,
Suſpiratque tuendo, tuens ſuſpirat Amator;
Suſpiratque tuens, Suſpiriaque alta trahebat:
Donec Amore, gravis Vino labat inclytus Heros,
Thaïdis & ſeſe rejicit in Gremium.

Apollo, citharæ Parens ſonantis;
Amoris teneri Deus, *Cupido*;
Amoris teneri Deus, *Cupido*;
Apollo, citharæ Parens ſonantis;
Vos quæ Vincula nectitis?
Quem Victoria Lauro,
Cujus Gloria verticem
Coronat, En! Rex imperioſiùs
Vincitur, veſtro arbitrio, placenti
Implicitus Veneris catenâ.

VI.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair,
Who caus'd his Care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with Love and Wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd Victor ſunk upon her Breaſt.

Phœbus, Patron of the Lyre,
Cupid, God of ſoft Deſire,
Cupid, God of ſoft Deſire,
Phœbus, Patron of the Lyre,
How victorious are your Charms?
Crown'd with Conqueſt,
Full of Glory,
See a Monarch fall'n before ye,
Chain'd in Beauty's claſping Arms!

VII.

Nunc auream pulsa Citharam altiùs,
Altiùs ingemina graviori carmina Plectro:
Rumpe sonoribus Auras,
Rumpe fragore gravi, resonanti Fulmine Somnum.
Sed audin'! audin'! Terrifici soni
Somno excitârunt attonitum Caput;
Ab Inferis tanquam evocatus,
Circumquáque oculos stupefactus conjicit Heros.

Reposce, Rex, reposce, sume vindices
Pœnas, *Tisiphone* jubet;
Eumenides En! surgere coram!
En! Ut Sorores sibila stridulæ
Miscent, vipereis crinibus horridæ,
En! Quibus exardent sparsis rubra Lumina flammis!

VIII.

Ecce deformes Species Virorum!
Quassant Quisque manu Facem!
Sunt *Græcorum* Umbræ, pallens inhumataque Turba,
Parùm decoro Pulvere sordidæ,
Occubuêre Neci pugnando Vulnera passæ;

Pœ-

VII.

Now ſtrike the golden Lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder Strain:
Break his Bands of Sleep aſunder,
Rouze him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid Sound
Has rais'd up his Head,
As awak'd from the Dead,
And amaz'd he ſtares around!

Revenge, Revenge, *Alecto* cries,
See the Furies ariſe!
See the Snakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their Hair,
And the Sparkles that flaſh from their Eyes!

VIII.

Behold a ghaſtly Band,
Each a Torch in his Hand!
Thoſe are *Grecian* Ghoſts, that in Battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the Plain.

Pœnas ſumito debitas
Tot fortibus bello peremptis
Manibus. En! altè Tædarum incendia jactant,
Præmonſtrantque viam *Perſarum* ad mœnia Vultu,
Splendentes ædes, atque hoſtica templa Deorum.

Applauſêre Duces furiato ardore minaces,
Præripuitque facem Rex ardens perdere Gentem;
Dux facti lumina *Thaïs*
Regi prætulit incito,
Incenditque aliam, ceu *Tyndaris* altera, *Trojam*.

IX.

Sic Sæculis lapſis retrò
Ante cavi folles quàm ſpiravêre tumentes,
Cúmque forent longis ORGANA muta ſonis,
Miſto *Timotheus* carmine Tibiis
Et numeris Citharæ ſonantis
Cor Rabie inflavit, mollive Cupidine mulſit.
Divina tandem CÆCILIA ORGANUM
Vocale finxit Dædaleâ manu;

Rapta

Give the Vengeance due
To the valiant Crew.
Behold how they toſs their Torches on high,
How they point to the *Perſian* Abodes,
And glitt'ring Temples of their Hoſtile Gods!

The Princes applaud with a furious Joy;
And the King ſeiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his Prey,
And, like another *Helen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

IX.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
While Organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing Flute,
And ſounding Lyre,
Cou'd ſwell the Soul to Rage, or kindle ſoft Deſire.
At laſt Divine CECILIA came,
Inventreſs of the vocal Frame;

Rapta sonis melicis numerosior, Enthea Virgo
Edocuit fusos continuare Modos,
Majestate gravi Carmen solennius auxit
Simplicis Ingenii viribus, Arte novâ.

Præmia concedat Palmæ prærepta *Timotheus*,
Aut UTRISQUE pari fas sit Honore frui;
ILLE Mortalem superis Deorum
Miscuit vocalis, ab Arce Cœli
ANGELUM deduxit in omne VIRGO
NOBILIS Ævum.

FINIS.

ERRATUM.
Pag. 8. v. 4. lege, Animos.

The ſweet Enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to ſolemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.

Let old *Timotheus* yield the Prize,
Or Both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies,
She drew an Angel down.

11 | 7 | 49

The E N D.

The fweet Emilia fail, from her fatal ſtore,
Dilarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to folemn Sound,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,
Or Both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies;
She drew an Angel down.